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TRUSTEES OF THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

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Ninth Meeting of the Latin Club

Send Your Postal Card at Once

The ninth regular meeting and the third annual meeting of The New York Latin Club is called for Saturday, May 16, at 12 M, in the Hotel Albert, corner of University Place and Eleventh Street, New York. The Club will be addressed by Dr Wm T Vlymen, Principal of the Eastern District High School, Brooklyn. All persons who are interested, whether teachers of Latin or not, are cordially invited to be present. The plan is to serve luncheon (50 cents a plate) at 12 M promptly, so that there shall be no delay. The address will follow the luncheon, and adjournment will occur about 2 P M, thus leaving the afternoon still unbroken for those who attend. Please send a postal card at once to the Secretary, Mr A L Hodges, 309 West 101st Street, New York, if you intend to be present, so that we may inform Mr Frenkel, the proprietor of the hotel, how many to expect. *Please attend to this at once.* Ladies are especially invited.

The election of officers for the coming year will be held at this meeting.

H F TOWLE, *President*
A L HODGES, *Secretary*

AN OLD HARP

From all the great Homeric tapestry of death and doom, the picture that recurs most persistently to the dreamy mind is the group, illumined by the fire, within Achilleus' cabin, late in the night when Hector has encamped on the open plain, flushed with victory, prepared to drive the invaders into the sea on the morrow,—and Agamemnon's ambassadors are come, meantime, to plead in vain with the obstinate son of the sea-nymph, whose absence from the field is so bitterly felt. They find Achilleus sitting with his silent comrade Patroclus only, and

With the melodious lyre his heart he was cheering,
Beautiful, cunningly wrought, and the cross-bar upon
it was silvern.

This had he won from the spoil when he sacked
Eëtion's City:

Now it delighted his heart, as *he sang of the glory*
of heroes.

But Eëtion, we remember, was Andro-

mache's father. The famous parting scene has no more thrilling touch than her allusion to her utter loneliness, since her seven brothers died around their sire, her mother had quickly followed them to Hades, and she has nothing left, save memories from that desolated home of her girlhood; and her rash short-lived lover-husband with his ill-fated baby boy!

Now it was in this same sack of "Thebè, the holy city of Eëtion", that the girl Chryseis fell into the Greeks' hands,—the guileless young girl, destined to cause the death of Patroclus and countless others. And the dreadful web of destiny, that had entangled all these generous innocent lives in Paris' sin and fate, was to bring Andromache into still closer ties with the race of her father's, her brothers', her husband's slayer. After Achilleus' goodly frame, too, lay, resting at last, beneath the high barrow of Trojan earth, his boy-son Pyrrhos, was to complete the war, to lead in the sack of Troy, and to carry home with him Hector's widow, doomed to a captivity far worse than her lord's heroic death. Vergil and others tell us that she even bore offspring, in slavery, to her haughty and youthful master.

Did this Trojan legend date from a time when "marriage by capture" was the proper means for bringing fresh blood into the patriarchal clan? Or were the Asiatic women bred in a higher civilization than their rude Greek conquerors? Agamemnon is quite unashamed in avowing Chryseis' superiority in all accomplishments to his "lawful wedded wife" at home. Achilleus would probably have married Briseis. Even Andromache, out of this utter degradation, rises once more to queenly rank among that hostile Grecian folk. Helenos, one of the most faultless among Homer's minor characters, is Hector's loyal brother, and later Andromache's companion in captivity. Having saved the fierce young Pyrrhos' life, he is rewarded at last with Andromache as his wife, and the succession to the Epirote throne.